

A N
H Y M N
T O
R E P E N T A N C E.

By Mr. SCOTT,
Fellow of TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Εἶδε εὐχαίς λύσιν τῶν ἀμαρτημάτων εὐρισκομέν, καὶ τὰς θεὰς θεραπευο-
μέν, καὶ μελαβαλλομέν, διὰ τῆς πρὸς τὸ θεῖον ἐπιστροφῆς τὴν ἡμετέραν
κακίαν ἰωμένοι, πάλιν τῆς τῶν θεῶν ἀγαθότητος ἀπολαυομέν.

FRAGM. PYTH.

CAMBRIDGE,

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By Mr. SCOTT,

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A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will,
Dated Oct. 8. 1738.

I Give my Kislingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the Honour of the Supreme Being and Recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE whose Names are underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Prize to Mr. SCOTT, M. A. for his Poem on REPENTANCE, and direct the said Poem to be printed according to the tenor of his Will.

Oct. 15. 1762.

R. Plumptre Vicechancellor.

P. S. Goddard Master of Clare-Hall.

M. Lort Greek Professor.

A Charge of Mr. SEATON'S WIFE
Dated Oct. 8. 1738.

AN

H Y M N

P E N T A M

PLEASE World begone! — Thy tale delusive to
No more shall lead my feet astray —
Hence to the young, the vain, the gay,
Proudly deck them with thy tinsel toys!
No flattering Hope, nor flattery fear,
Those Nails that to this mortal frame
Fix the fond Soul, my Breast shall tear;
No thirst for Pleasure, Wealth, or Fame,
Might me to quaff thy charmed Cup; whose taste
Solds the Form divine, and turns the Man to beast

And so it was, or what to come the future thought.

AN
H Y M N
TO
R E P E N T A N C E.

BASE World begone! — Thy false delusive Joys
No more shall lead my feet astray —
Hence to the young, the vain, the gay,
And proudly deck them with thy tinsel toys!
Nor flatt'ring Hope, nor slavish fear,
* Those Nails that to this mortal frame
Fix the fond Soul, my Breast shall tear;
No thirst for Pleasure, Wealth, or Fame,
Tempt me to quaff thy charmed Cup, whose taste
Unmolds the Form divine, and turns the Man to beast.

* Ο γαρ ηδουνης και αληθιδουος ηλος, ος προς το σωμα την ψυχην προσηλοι. PLUT.

Base World begone! — Cast on a friendly Shore
No more I dread thy desert deep,
Where swift the rushing Tempests sweep,
And mad Winds rave, and boiling Billows roar :
Behold no more, with wild Affright,
The Rocks close-lurking for their prey,
The black Clouds bursting on my Sight,
While round the livid Lightnings play ;
O save us, save us! — Hark the doleful Cry,
All mortal Strength is vain, they faint, they sink, they die!

Betimes escap'd, while yet breathe Summer-gales,
While yet on Ocean's tranquil breast
The little Halcyon builds her nest,
I shorten all my Oars, and furl my Sails :
O Wretch profane, fure triple Brags
Girds thy proud heart, O Wretch profane,
To let the doubtful Autumn pass,
Yet tempt the Dangers of the Main ;
Careless of Home the blissful Port despise,
Tho' scowl the low'ring Heav'ns, & Storms of Winter rise!

For

REPENTANCE.

7

For me, I hang the votive Tablet high,
And to this lone sequester'd Vale,
With Care, and weary Watches pale,
Retire and muse upon Eternity. —
Come Goddess of the tearful Eye,
With solemn Step, demure, and flow,
Thy full heart heaving many a Sigh,
And Clouds of Sadness on thy brow;
Oh come with Ashes sprent, in Sackcloth drest,
And wring thy piteous hands, and beat thy plaintive Breast.

Such was thy form, O heaven-descended Maid,
When at her dearest Saviour's feet,
Bedew'd with tears, and Odours sweet,
Poor Magdalene repentant wept, and pray'd:
She wept, and swiftly to the Sky
The Steam, like hallow'd Incense rose;
When lo her Sins of Scarlet dye
Grew white as Wool, or Mountain-snows:
The Morning Stars with Joy triumphant rang,
And all the Sons of God their loud Hosannas sang!

Come

Come then, my Magdalene, thy Aid impart,
 O'er all my Soul thy balm diffuse,
 And soften with the fleecy dews
 Of penitential Tears my stubborn heart:
 Teach me to search with honest skill
 The Wounds that rankle in my breast,
 To curb my Lusts, correct my Will,
 And chuse, and cleave to what is best;
 Teach me to urge, with never-ceasing care,
 The force of holy Vows, and Violence of Pray'r.

Oh come, my Magdalene, but leave behind,
 Leave far behind thy frightful Train;
 Grim Penance, with an iron chain
 Wont his gall'd Legs at stated hours to bind:
 A barefoot Monk the fiend appears,
 With Scourge in hand, and beads, and book,
 His Cheeks are furrow-worn with tears,
 Sunk are his Eyes, and lean his Look:
 O wretched Fools, beguiling and beguil'd,
 Can God be pleas'd to see his Image thus defil'd? —

Drive

Drive too away that wild distracted sprite
 Enthusiasm, and that foul fiend
 Remorse, that loves his Heart to rend
 And sting himself to Death with scorpion spite :
 But chief that Tyrant of the Soul,
 That cursed Man of Hell, Despair ;
 See, see his livid Eye-balls roll,
 What cankred Teeth, what grisly Hair !
 Anguish, and trembling fear his Conscience quail,
 And all Hell's damned Ghosts the shrieking Wretch assail !

O fly with such terrific Forms as these,
 And seek the weary wakeful Bed,
 Where the pale Murderer is laid
 A ghastly Prey to Horror and Disease :
 Or where th' Oppressor voids his breath,
 Deaf to the Widow's bleeding Cries ;
 Or from a bosom black as Death,
 The Plunderer of his Country sighs ;
 Where Libertines expire, and Atheists lie
 Harrow'd with doubts and fears, and curse their God, and die !

AN HYMN TO

See worn with Pain Lorenzo, once so gay! —
 The Pow'rs of Nature are at strife,
 And the dim wasted Lamp of Life
 Just feebly lifts an intermittent ray.
 Oh mad, oh worse than mad to leave
 To the short Mercies of an hour
 Eternal Joys! — What would he give,
 What thousand Worlds, if in his pow'r,
 For time mispent, to watch, to fast, to pray,
 And wash with contrite tears his shameful Sins away?

Poor Wretch in vain! — Before his frantic Eyes
 Th' inexorable Tyrant stands,
 And arm'd with Scorpions in their Hands,
 The fury-Terrours of his conscience rise!
 What agonizing Pangs he feels!
 What Tortures! — What convulsive Throes!
 O fall, ye Mountains, fall ye Hills,
 Preserve and hide him from his Woes!
 Have Mercy Heav'n! — Thy Succours JESU bring,
 Retriumph o'er the Grave, and draw Death's poignant sting.
 Save

REPENTANCE.

11

Save me, what Shrieks! — And is there no faint Ray,
No glimm'ring from that light serene,
That gilds Death's melancholy scene,
And guides the Soul on her eternal Way?
Hark the last Pang! He faints! — He dies!
His Spirit bursts forth, and shiv'ring pale
To some black horrible Mansion flies,
There to despond, and howl, and wail,
Till Nature's Wreck, till from the shrivel'd Skies
The last dread Trump shall call, "Ye Dead awake, arise!"

O come betimes, sweet Penitential Pow'r,
And from such Soul-distracting care,
Such chilling Horrors of Despair,
Preserve me, shield me, at Death's trying Hour!
From Guilt of black enormous Dye
My breast is free; I ne'er betray'd
A Virgin's easy Faith; no murd'rous Lie
In secret Whispers have convey'd,
Nor with the Muse's everliving store
Embalm'd the Carion corps of Wealth, or Pride, or Pow'r.

From Truth's strait Path, and Virtue's thorny Way,
Have wandring Meteors false, and vain,
The Glare of Honour or of Gain,
Thro' Dirt, and Danger drawn my steps astray?
Have I rejected Reason's Aid,
And giy'n to headlong Lusts the Rein?
Or prone beneath the myrtle Shade
Of Indolence and Pleasure lain?
Have I the tribute of a Tear deny'd,
When Want unheard hath wept, and injur'd Orphans cry'd?

Good Heav'n forbid! — Yet still within my Soul
Some leprous Spots of Guilt remain:
Oh could I cleanse each grosser Stain
In Jordan's Tide, or Siloa's healing Pool!
Fond Thought! — More salutary Pow'rs
In Sorrow's swelling stream reside,
Than Siloa's Pool at stated Hours,
Could boast, or Jordan's cleansing Tide:
This from the Soul sharp Humours can repel,
Cure ev'ry festring Wound, and Death's dread Torments quell.

Here many a beauteous Pearl of costly Price,
 And many a Gem of purer ray
 Than all Golconda's Mines display,
 Lie hid in Darkness far from vulgar Eyes:
 For These the cloister'd Virgin pines,
 Torn from each pleasing tender care;
 For These her placid Breast resigns
 To midnight Grief, and midnight Prayer;
 Poor, hapless Maid! — May Heav'n her Vows regard,
 And all her wakeful Pains with endless bliss reward!

Go fly, ye silken sons of Pleasure, fly,
 And barter for fantastic Joys,
 Spurn'd by the Great, the Good, the Wise,
 What Asia's Monarchs have not Worth to buy!
 Chace ev'ry cloudy Thought away,
 Whose serious Gloom o'ercasts the Soul;
 To Rapture give Life's little day,
 And bid full Tides of Pleasure roll;
 Go where the loose-rob'd Forms of wild Desire
 Expand their Wanton Charms, and press the buxom Choir!
 'Tis

'Tis Madness all! — Be mine unknown to Sin,
 And Passions base, some lone Retreat,
 Some hoary Hermit's moss-grown Seat,
 Far from the guilty World's tumultuous Din.
 Whether in Hagley's sacred Shades,
 Where Inspiration breathes around,
 And by the much-lov'd Thespian Maids
 Their Lucy's plaintive Bard is crown'd;
 Or Hackfalls Bow'rs, and woodland Walks invite,
 Where Nature's various Charms, all rude of Art, delight.

O Lawns! — O Hills! — And O thou pleasant Vale,
 Where Ure's meandering Waters roll!
 What pensive Pleasures soothe my Soul,
 What tender melancholy Thoughts prevail
 At thy Approach? — While am'rous Jove
 On Flora's bosom deigns to play,
 Still let me haunt thy blissful Grove,
 Where all the rural Graces stray;
 There bid the folly-fetter'd World adieu,
 And Wisdom's silent Steps with holy Zeal pursue.

There Contemplation dwells, that hoary Sire,
 And points the way that leadeth right
 To those most glorious Mansions, bright
 With burning Stars, and everliving fire:
 There, on her silver Anchor staid,
 Sweet Hope to Heav'n directs her Eyes;
 While Faith, that eagle-fighted Maid,
 Her far foreseeing Tube applies,
 Whose mighty pow'r reveals the blest Abode,
 In beatific Trance, where Saints enjoy their God!

FINIS.

REPENTANCE

There Contemplation dwells, that heavy Sire,
And points the way that leadeth right
To those most glorious Mansions bright

Lately publish'd by the same Author,

1. HEAVEN: the Prize Poem, for 1760. 2d Edit.
2. PURITY of HEART, the Prize Poem for 1761. 2d Edit.
3. ODES on several Subjects. 4^{to}.
4. A Spousal HYMN address'd to His Majesty. 4^{to}.

W I L I A M

